

SHE SMILES!

For million miles the country smiles,
An' all the skies are blue;
Both night an' day it's jest that way—
So we'll be smilin', too!

When the bells are ringin',
An' all the birds are singin',
It's joy the country's bringin'—
So we'll be joyful, too!

Fear in an' out, in hope an' doubt,
The country's standin' true;
It's faith is strong—it rolls along;
So we'll keep rollin', too!

With all the sweet bells ringin',
An' all the birds are singin',
It's joy the country's bringin'—
So we'll be joyful, too!

—[Atlanta Constitution.]

A GENTLE BOOMER.

BY GRACE MACGOWAN COOKE.

She was the widow of Ansel Hubbard, an old, original Oklahoma boomer. She was a sweet-spoken, girlish looking little woman, with a round, rosy chin, and big, soft eyes. A type of the Southern woman whose appealing dependent expression and gentle accents concealed much indomitable resolution and courage.

Hubbard hailed, originally, from Vermont, and married her four years before, in Louisiana. When he died, leaving her very helpless with her three year old twins, named Peach and Honey, a few hundred dollars, and a camping outfit, she had come to her sister's at Arkansas City, and there, six months after his father's death, another baby was born, which was now nearly a year old.

Ansel Hubbard had been fifteen years the senior of his pretty young wife. A keen trader but an inveterate boomer and prospector, he had made a good living for her and the children, but her four years of married life had been passed mostly in a wagon. She had learned to make home of the spot where the wagon stopped, to contrive a wonderfully dainty and appetizing meal from the most unpromising materials and amid the most unfavorable surroundings, and to bring to all the vicissitudes of that nomadic life always the same unquenchable joyousness, indomitable hope, and buoyant trust.

And she had not lived this life and made the best of it for four years without being somewhat infected by the prospector's spirit; without coming to believe, in a vague way, that all their troubles would be over, the sun would not smite them by day, nor the moon by night, when they were established on that hundred and sixty acres in Oklahoma.

But now Hubbard had been more than a year in a land where—though it is fatter than a prospector's dream of Oklahoma—there are neither booms, boomers, nor border rushes, and his widow, scarcely more than a child herself, was left to grapple the hard problem of how the children were to get that quarter section which their father had picked out ten years before, and upon which he had annually promised her, since their marriage, she should eat that homecoming feast of the typical Yankee—Thanksgiving dinner.

Now the hordes were gathering for that historic rush when, on the morning of the twenty-second of April, 1889, ten thousand crossed the line into the Territory at the sound of the bugle. The little town of Arkansas City, lying on the southern edge of Kansas, almost due north of Oklahoma, was full of prospectors, boomers, gamblers, toughs, waiting the day and the word to overrun the new lands. The prairie for miles around was dotted with white covered wagons, moving in or standing camped.

Myra watched them from her sister's doorway, and her blood quickened to the old gypsying tune at the sight and sound of it all. Apparently no emotion is so contagious as this senseless, frantic enthusiasm of a crowd for a new country—this mad, unfounded belief in a region and its resources, simply because they have not seen it. It carried hundreds on that wild campaign, from comfort, even luxury, through incredible hardship and privation, to poverty, disaster and even death.

Myra felt that it had come at last—the great time Ansel had talked of, when the government should tardily yield their rights to the boomers and open the land to settlement; and was she to sit down and see her children's inheritance—for so she regarded it—taken by others?

Peach and Honey were playing on the floor, striking out claims and pre-empting quarter sections—hardened prospectors that they were—with a bit of red clay.

"Sis! Mandy," their mother broke out at the end of a long mental argument, "I got to go. Hyuk's me an' the chil'en. Yo' man's a good man, an' does fo' yo' an' yo' chil'en jus' splendid; but it ain't fair to ask him to support me an' mine. I ain't got much sense, Sis, an' that what I got I ain't got right good—'z the sayin' is—but I see I got to strak out," showing a flash of little teeth like rice-grains in a sudden smile.

"He promus! Peach an' he promus! Honey that we all goin' to eat out Thanksgiving! dinnoh on ou' own quarter section in Oklahoma—didn't he, sweetness?—an' I'm goin' to eat out his wishes. Somethin' in my bones won't let me stay behind when I see 'em all goin'. They're mos' gentlemen, these prospectors (by gentlemen Myra meant the male of the human species), an' they'll certainly be kind to a woman, all alone, tryin' to do for her little chil'en."

the whole world was driving in wagons across the plain. As far as she could see to the south, until it disappeared in the dim, level line of the horizon, stretched that broad, straggling line of white-topped wagons, fringed with galloping, shouting horsemen; and when she looked back the picture was the same—wagons, horsemen, stragglers. They issued from the northern horizon as though a mighty nation were emptying itself through the funnel of the Poncea trail, upon the upper border of Oklahoma.

And this vast concourse was but a portion of the expectant throng. To the south, up to the Cimarron trail toward the Canadian, beside the regular settlers, large bodies of armed cowboys were coming, crowds of town boomers from Texas, and companies of war veterans.

All were bent toward one goal, swayed by one emotion. As they neared the twenty-second, the day of formal opening, when those on the ground would be allowed to cross the line into Oklahoma, anxiety ran up to fever heat. Sometimes a shudder went down the line with the news that they were letting them in by hundreds on the southern border, and that all the best places were already taken. Scouts brought back word that the soldiers under Colonel Miles were turning everybody back; that the Salt Fork was unfordable; and that the temporary bridge thrown across it by the boomers and soldiers was unsafe; and later, that it had gone down, carrying nobody knew how many people to death with it; that they were going in by train-loads on the Santa Fe, sworn in as deputy United States marshals for the sake of dodging the regulations, and were pre-empting everything worth having. The helpless fury raised by such news—often untrue—added its sting to the bitterness of that frightful journey.

Poor Myra! In the terrible press to hold the trail every moment was a crisis. It took the skill and nerve of an ocean pilot to guide the tall mules safely; the myriad hoofs and wheels either raised a red, stifling dust or churned the hub-deep mud to the consistency of mortar. Where the roads were roughest, Myra's skillful, sun-burned little hands were not strong enough to hold and guide her powerful team; and the little foot that ran so lightly all day about her work, that was so untiring on the most wearisome errands, was but a feather upon the brake. She had no time to stop and comfort Boy, nor even feed him, and he cried continually. Myra was almost as helpless and bewildered as he, and the two pairs of big, soft, black eyes, that seemed about alike for age and knowledge, of the world, overflowed together.

Just beyond the Arkansas River the formerly officered outfit came to grief. The wheels stuck immovably in the mud, and all the plunging and floundering of the mules failed to budge them. After willing helpers had tried them out and set them fairly on the way again, there remained upon the driver's seat a tall, broad-shouldered, blonde young fellow, who, with his partner, had been driving just behind Myra.

He had offered to help her over the "bad piece," but it seemed to his generous, boyish heart cruel to desert her for his own welfare, even after they were in what seemed, by comparison, moderately good road. His partner could manage their outfit; and, after all, if he lost anything by lingering to befriend her—why, let it go!

So the two wagons stayed together, Myra cooking for both outfits, providing such fare as the boys had never dreamed of on a camping-trail, and breaking out into girlish glee now that the strain was removed, and the responsibility where every genuine Southern woman religiously believes responsibility belongs—on masculine shoulders. And so it came about that Myra's wagon went over the Oklahoma line, on the momentous twenty-second, well at the front, and with Dave Anderson on the driver's seat.

Everybody, as Myra had expected, was kind to her and to her baby, but these two boys—little older than herself—seemed, in a manner, to have adopted them. It was found that Hubbard's special quarter section, which he had picked out and attempted to take possession of, in defiance of the whole United States government and all its missions, in the old booming days, had been entered by some one else before Myra got in. "Never mind," said the boys; "what could you do with a quarter-section ranch, anyhow? Couldn't live there all alone with the kid. We'll rustle you a town lot in Guthrie, you can enter it, and get your wagon and a tent on it, and keep boarders. There'll be need for lots of such places right here, and if you cook for them like you cooked for us, you'll make your fortune."

A suitable lot which had not been entered was found (she will never know just how) and Myra, her baby in her arms, stood wedged in the crowd about the land office, waiting to register it. The dust, stirred by weary, impatient feet, rose chokingly; the sun beat down, bright and hot as July. The press became closer and closer as the throng increased in number; it was not so much a jostling and elbowing, as a steady, irresistible push forward toward the window.

Down in Myra's arms, away from any chance of air, Boy began to breathe in little choking gasps. She struggled to raise him to her shoulder, but that shoulder was such a small elevation that it availed little. "Here," called Dave's big paw behind her, and Dave's big paw reached over and lifted the baby, awkwardly but securely, above the heads of the crowd. But it was into the scorching eye of the sun, and when Boy began to whimper Myra searched vainly for something with which to cover him.

"Put something over him," she said in a voice faint from exhaustion. The baby was attracting plenty of attention now, and more than one bandana was offered; but suddenly Dave's partner, in a burst of inspiration, drew out and pitched up over the little figure the flag that he and Dave had brought along to wave over their quarter section when they should have gotten it entered.

Improvement in Sugar Beets. Improvement in the quality of beets and in the process of manufacture is so great that in Germany the root will produce ten per cent. of its weight in sugar. This is encouraging to those who are experimenting in this line in this country.—[New York World.]

As the silken folds, gay with the red and white and blue—which, as there combined and proportioned, meant so much to that hot, dusty, waiting crowd—fell over the little white dress and bare feet, with a corner covering the small head and bobbing yellow curls, and its fringes barely escaping a pair of astonished black eyes, and a bit of mouth whose corners didn't know whether to turn up and laugh, or down and cry, a big roar went up: "Rah fer young America! Send him up to the winner, an' let him git his papers signed!"

"Put your papers in his hand, ma'am, quick, an' let 'em pass him up while they're in the notion," whispered a shrewd-looking old fellow to Myra. The papers were held in front of him, the wandering little hands clutched them, and amid cheers and laughter he traveled from hand to hand over the heads of men who would have hours yet to wait. Any objections were silenced with cries of "Rah fer young America! It's fer the widder and the orf-in!" and like expressions. What toil-hardened or crime-souled palms lifted the baby on his way, whether he went mostly head or heels foremost, right or wrong side up, whether he saluted heaven with howls or smiled up to its smile on that memorable journey, are things that cannot be found out. Nothing but a murmuring of laughter, good-will and cheering marked his progress, and he came back to Myra's arms laughing, kicking his white legs from the gay folds of the flag, and crowding over the paper duly signed and sealed.

Myra's venture was a great success. Her genius for cooking and home-making under unfavorable conditions was phenomenal, and it could not have been taken to a better market. It was the luckiest of happenings that took Hubbard's cherished quarter section out of her reach and gave her a town lot and a business at which she could excel instead.

Many better equipped than she failed at farming. Dave and his partner had hard work to make a go of it; but, whoever succeeded or failed, Myra, through the darkest, the gloomiest and bloodiest times in Guthrie, prospered, and, as the boys put it, made money hand over fist.

On the night of November 10th, 1889, the barrel-stove in Ferguson's store had its regular circle of loungers around it. The approach of Thanksgiving stirred old memories of home, and raised doubts as to whether this game of hardship, difficulty and danger were really worth the candle of hope consumed in playing it.

"I presume, gentlemen," said Ferguson, one of Myra's earliest boarders, known to be hopelessly smitten by her charms—as, indeed, were most of the others—and only restrained by constitutional bashfulness from declaring himself, "that all here are invited to the little widder's Thanksgiving dinner—and how many of you know what the surprise is she promised us after it?"

A man from Connecticut looked exceedingly knowing, but nobody answered, so Mr. Ferguson was compelled to explode his sensation without delay.

"Well," he said, "she's a-goin' to leave; that's it, and it's our fault if we let her."

"I don't see how you make it our fault," said a fat man; "we've done the best we knowed. I hate to lose the widder as bad as any boarder she's got. At least—with a humorous look at Ferguson's blushing, elderly face—"I'd hate it as much as most; but I think we've done our best to content her. When she loved she could cook better in a house than in a tent, the night after the big blow, we all turned out and put her up the shack, by lantern-light, between two days. That feller, Dave Anderson, does for her like a hired man. Shucked out, when she got lonesome for the kids, and piled over to Arkansas City and brought back Peach and Honey, you know."

"It ain't kids an' shack keeps a woman like her contented," opined Ferguson, scornfully. "It's sassiest she pines for, an' admiration, an' an'—courtin'—a husband!"

"Well," said the Connecticut man, "as far as I c'n hear there's no need for her to pine for anything of that sort. If you think she's really lonesome, say we go up an' call—mebbe we'll find out what her surprise is, an' where she's a-goin' to when she leaves us."

Ferguson was only too glad to have a supporter for his blishes, and acceded readily. As they came in sight of the little shack its gayly fire-and-lamp-lit windows looked very inviting; but the Connecticut man knowingly insisted that it would be best to reconnoiter before rapping. They slipped quietly across the bare little yard and looked through the window. Inside, glorified by firelight, lamp-light, and that magical beautifier and spring of perpetual youth, happiness, they saw Myra—Myra, the children tucked away in bed, sitting by her own fireside—but not alone.

Dave Anderson's arm was around her trim, slender waist, her curly dark head rested, as though it were used to and loved the resting place on Dave's shoulder, and as they paused they heard her sweet, soft voice through the window.

"No, Dave, honey; I cain't be good ready fer Thanksgiving anythin'! I've promus! he's doin' a good Thanksgiving! dinnoh—don't know when else they'd get one if I left befo' then. I'm awful savvy yo' so lonesome out on the ranch, but it ain't fo' long. I got ev'rythin' in awch to leave Thanksgiving! evenin', an' we'll jus' surprise 'em then."

Ferguson fled from the sight—though it was a very pretty one. As the Connecticut man followed him to the gate he chuckled, "Say, Ferguson, I don't think the widder's much lonesome, ner plin' no way. She seems right well content to me."

Improvement in Sugar Beets. Improvement in the quality of beets and in the process of manufacture is so great that in Germany the root will produce ten per cent. of its weight in sugar. This is encouraging to those who are experimenting in this line in this country.—[New York World.]

New England... Pianos

QUALITY THE HIGHEST. TERMS THE EASIEST. PRICE THE LOWEST.

THE MOST POPULAR PIANO MADE—Demonstrated by the fact that more of them are sold annually than of any other make.

New England... Pianos

TO RENT AND FOR SALE ON EASY PAYMENTS.

Manufacturing the entire Piano enables us to make terms and prices to meet the wants of all, and you pay ONLY ONE PROFIT in dealing direct with THE LARGEST MANUFACTURERS IN THE WORLD. It will pay you to call and investigate.

New England Piano Co.

FACTORIES: BOSTON, MASS. WAREHOUSES: 252-254 Wabash Ave., CHICAGO, 300 Tremont Street, BOSTON, 95 Fifth Avenue, NEW YORK, 20-30 O'Farrell St., SAN FRANCISCO.

Why Don't You Get Spectacles To Cure Your Headache?



Our Spectacles Cure Headache. Consult us about your Eye Sight. If your Spectacles do not give you satisfaction, call on us. Our Spectacles fit where others fail. EYES TESTED FREE.

CHICAGO OPTICAL AND ELECTRICAL CO., Scientific Opticians,

H. W. DUNCANSON, President. S. W. Cor. State and Madison Sts.

W. D. CURTIN & CO., Undertakers and Embalmers

144 Wells St. North, 659. 176 W. Indiana St. Main, 2394.

LIVERY, 148 and 150 Wells St., CHICAGO. OFFICES OPEN DAY AND NIGHT.

A QUEER PERSONAGE.

Gen. Von Heeseler, the Motke of the President, and His Eccentricities.

One of the most extraordinary and at the same time important personages of the German army is Gen. Count von Heeseler, who commands in chief the troops in Alsace-Lorraine, and than whom no one stands higher in the esteem and regard of his Emperor. Yet there is no man whom one would imagine at first sight less likely to excite such sentiments on the part of a monarch like Kaiser Wilhelm. The General has nothing of the trim, well-groomed and natty appearance of the German officer about him. There is no man that dresses worse: his uniforms, hanging about him like old rags, are greasy and worn, and give him an aspect of an antiquated umbrella. He disdains all the artifices of the toilet, lives on the coarsest kind of food and seems to grudge every moment that he wastes either at the table or in bed.

He drinks nothing but water, has a heart that is utterly insensible to the charms of the fair sex and is all twisted and warped in figure. This is owing to the fact that he was dangerously wounded in the war of 1870 at the battle of Saint Privat, where he lost two ribs. He has been obliged to wear ever since a sort of silver brace, or corset. He has no ear for music, and has been heard to make the remark that it was only calculated to please imbeciles—a remark which was naturally at once conveyed to the Emperor, who had just been expressing the utmost enthusiasm about Wagner. But the Emperor puts up with everything from Heeseler, whom he regards as the only man capable of succeeding Motke, and who in his maneuvers a couple of years ago, when his majesty assumed charge of one of the rival armies, had the temerity to surround and capture his sovereign.

At the same time it is not agreeable to serve under the general's other officer or soldier. It is a frequent sight to see him stop a soldier in the most crowded thoroughfare of Metz and to make him remove his boots and stockings to see if his feet are as immaculate as demanded by military regulations.

A WONDERFUL INVENTION

That Originated in the Fertile Brain of a San Francisco Man.

A San Francisco man has invented a machine which will do away with typewriters, both instruments and operators, if he succeeds in perfecting his invention.

The new machine combines the phonograph and the typewriter, and in looks bears a considerable resemblance to a cash register. On the front of the machine are small electric buttons which you press before talking into the mouthpiece projecting from the upper part. This mouthpiece is connected with a revolving cylinder which receives impressions in a way similar to the Edison phonograph. A traveling needle regulates the position of the impressions on the cylinder according

to the size of the paper they are to be reproduced on. The filled cylinder is placed on rollers in the lower part of the machine. Above the rollers is a supply of paper for receiving the written characters.

There are several mysteries about the working of the new invention. No ink is used, the written characters being produced in a bold, round hand by chemical action. It spells entirely by sound and is unable as yet to cope with the diphthong, the silent letter, the capital, the semicolon or figure, but it will receive the voice of the human voice in any language except Chinese and reproduce them in plain English calligraphy.

Fate Has Pursued This Family. Fate has, indeed, pursued the Bartlett family, of Marshall county, Ala. Within a week three of them were murdered and one drowned. George Bartlett, the father, was killed in a quarrel with a nephew on Monday. A week before, Bartlett's eldest son, John, while going home, was shot and killed from ambush and robbed of a large sum of money by unknown men. Two days later, another son, Alexander, became involved in a difficulty with a negro farm laborer, who stabbed him to death near the spot where the father was murdered. Last Saturday, Bartlett's youngest son, Tom, aged 15, was crossing the Tennessee River, when his skiff was upset and he was drowned.

Just the Thing. This is an expression the traveling public generally use when they find something that is exactly what they want. This expression applies directly to the Wisconsin Central, which is now admitted by all to be "the Route" from Chicago to St. Paul, Minneapolis, Ashland, Duluth and all points in the Northwest. Their double daily train service and fine equipment offers inducement which cannot be surpassed.

This is the only line running both through Pullman first-class and tourist sleepers from Chicago to Pacific Coast points without change.

For full information address your nearest ticket agent or

Gen. Pass. and Trk. Agt., Chicago, Ill.

Summer Train Service via Wisconsin Central.

Effective May 27, To Waukesha and lake resorts 8:30 a. m., 1:25 p. m., 3:45 p. m., 5 p. m. To St. Paul, Minneapolis, Ashland, and Pacific Northwest 6:05 p. m., 11:45 p. m. To Duluth 6:05 p. m.

A Dreadful Slaughter of Cats.

A hundred tons of cats tails were recently sold in one lot in London for the purpose of ornamenting ladies' wearing apparel. Assuming that an average cat's tail would weigh a couple of ounces, this would mean that no fewer than 1,700,000 pussies had been killed just to supply this one deal alone.

No Lawyers and No Criminals! The Island of Panaria in the Lipari group, north of Sicily, is bloe sed with peace and happiness. It owns neither lawyers nor prisoners, and criminals and paupers are equally unknown.

TELEPHONE NORTH 220.

Hereley Warehouse

...RECEIVERS AND SHIPPERS OF...

Hay and Grain

Storage Capacity, 5,000 TONS OF HAY.

FACILITIES UNEQUALLED IN THE UNITED STATES.



Hereley Brothers Commission Co.,

— PROPRIETORS —

428 to 448 N. Halsted St., CHICAGO.

Notice: All our Oats are fanned and cleaned by the renowned Western Oat Separator, and are thoroughly freed from all dust and dirt.

JOHN ADANK



Livery, Boarding and Sale Stables

331 and 333 Webster Av., (TELEPHONE NORTH 246) Chicago.

F. E. COYLE. A. SCHATZLEIN.

COYLE, SCHATZLEIN & CO., Undertakers and Embalmers

Corner 26th and Wallace Streets,

(Telephone South 54.) CHICAGO.

OPEN DAY AND NIGHT

Kenny & Company

5205 State St. 5205 State St.

Undertakers and Embalmers.

FIRST-CLASS LIVERY.

Telephone Oakland 520. OPEN ALL NIGHT.

WM. EISFELDT, JR., Funeral Director and Embalmer.



Livery and Boarding.

86 and 88 Racine Avenue,

Telephone North 270. CHICAGO.

Telephone 3074. Open All Night.

P. J. GAVIN & SONS, Undertakers and Embalmers

FINE FUNERAL GOODS.

226 N. Clark Street, CHICAGO.